

THE GATEWAY

Issue No. 12, Vol XII.

Edmonton, Alberta, Tuesday, February 14, 1922.

VARSITY LEADS BY 16 IN CHAMP. SERIES

Green and Gold Basketball Ounette Defeated Eskimos 29-26 in Third Game of City Title Race

ANOTHER KEEN BATTLE

Both Teams Extended Themselves to the Limit, Bringing the Fans to Their Feet in Wild Excitement.

Saturday night saw the Eskimos again bow down before the onslaught of Jimmy Bill's fast brigade. This success gives Varsity a margin of 16 points, with but one more game to be played Wednesday night, for the city championship, which will entitle the winners to play off with Calgary. There is every good reason to believe that Varsity will be the team, for if they can maintain the pace set the other night, the Eskimos will have to travel to roll up a seventeen point win.

Parney opened the score for Varsity with a perfect field basket from about centre floor. This put the crowd in a good frame of mind, and from then on, with the assistance of

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VARSITY GIRLS WIN AND LOSE

Split Even on Trip, Winning from Saskatchewan and Losing to Manitoba.

The Women's Basketball team left last Friday night, February 3rd, for inter-university matches with the Universities of Saskatchewan and Manitoba. On the series they split a little better than even, winning their game in Saskatchewan by a score of 26-22, and losing out at Manitoba by 11-9. As can be judged from the scores the Saskatchewan game was much the fastest, and the girls speak in the highest terms of the way in which the game was handled by Referee McKay of the Saskatchewan Collegiate Institute.

In Winnipeg there would appear to be a dearth of officials who understand the women's game. In their desire to keep outside of university circles, the Manitoba girls appointed a referee who was recommended to them, but it is safe to say that they will scan such recommendations with suspicion henceforth. What the referee did not know about the women's

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COMPLAINTS with regard to the distribution of the Gateway have been received. The number of copies printed is sufficient for every subscriber to get one and not two or more copies. Should you have any difficulty in securing a copy, please see Dunc McNeil, the Circulation Manager.

NOTED WAR CORRESPONDENT VISITS UNIVERSITY of ALBERTA

Sir Philip Gibbs Guest of Writers' Club at Special Meeting in Senate Chamber—Optimistic Spirit of Our University is Wonderful. He Says.

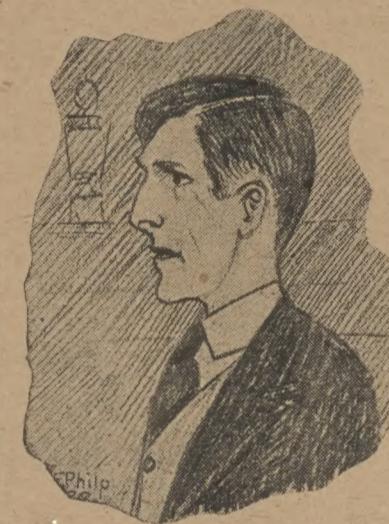
The Writers' Club was signally honored when Sir Philip Gibbs consented to be their guest at a special meeting held in the Senate Chamber on Thursday afternoon, February 9th.

While tea was being served, Sir Philip examined the plans of the University and chatted informally with guests and members of the club. He expressed much interest in the work of the newer universities of this country, and greatly praised the spirit of optimism and foresight manifested in the extensive plans for the development of this institution.

After tea, Sir Philip was drawn to talk upon literary matters. To an intensely interested little audience he poured forth ideas and encouragement; his clear cut words and energetic manner filling them with enthusiasm. "Journalism is a great career," he said; "there is no one else who can mould public opinion and influence the course of the world like the successful journalist of today."

"Is there any opening for Canadian literature in British publications?" he was asked. Sir Philip replied emphatically in the affirmative. "Good articles depicting life here as it really is would be eagerly seized upon by English publishers." They had received plenty of romantic stories of Canada, and he would not decry romanticism. "But," he said, "you are today a thoroughly realistic people, and stories imbued with the realism which comes only from intimate, personal contact are the stories people want. Look at the success achieved by 'Main Street'. It is packed with tedious monotonous detail, but it is so true to the life portrayed that it is the most widely read novel published last year. The whole secret is the intense naked realism. Canada," he continued, "has a wonderful opportunity to develop her literature. Subjects for the writer lay on every hand, but are largely untouched."

Looking from the train window,



SIR PHILIP GIBBS

is well known to Canadians through this vivid-pen pictures of the war, and his subsequent revelations in "Now It Can Be Told." Since the war he has travelled in many countries adding to his already wide knowledge of international affairs. Few men today are better qualified to talk on world reconstruction problems. In the field of journalism he holds a high place, having earned knight-hood for his services as a war correspondent.

Sir Philip said he saw tiny lonely shanties dotting the wide snow-fields. He and the British public were intensely interested to know how the inhabitants of those shanties lived. A picturesque write-up of the Winter Carnival held at Winnipeg would be welcomed by British publishers, he said, and illustrated articles about it would find a ready sale in England. We should not shy at describing our

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HELP!! YE GODS! HELP!! Juniors and Seniors

"You're for it, me lads, you're for it." At last the educated Soph and ignorant Freshman are coming into their own. How come? you ask. Well, just lend us thine ear. The Senior tests being forced upon us the week commencing February 19th, the Sophs and Freshies are sneaking up on the Gateway and intend to hold same for said week with vowed intent of using its pages to heal old wounds and repay old insults. From classes of such lowly intellect as Sophs and Freshies, we must expect anything. Having been given an op-

portunity of a life-time and a weapon deadly as a scatter gun in the hands of a raw recruit we can expect fire from any quarter.

A meeting of these hitherto sworn enemies was held last Monday to concentrate their forces for the attack. It was unanimously decided that no one be spared; that they would hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may.

The Waunetas' onslaught will be as child's play compared to the coming attack, so Seniors and Juniors look to your laurels.

ANNUAL MED. NIGHT BRILLIANT SUCCESS

Overtown People, Doctors, Nurses Staff and Students Witness Medicals' Enjoyable Program.

PUT OVER WITH BANG

Other Faculties Turn Out in Force to Show Their Healthy Condition.

Last Friday evening, the officers and members of the University Medical Club staged, before a large audience which filled Convocation Hall to full capacity, their annual function. It was easy to notice on all sides that the Medical students had neglected nothing that would add to the enjoyment of the evening. The result of their efforts was the most successful Med Night ever witnessed at this University.

Charlie MacKenzie, who was in charge of the decorations, covered every possible place in the Hall with the Doctor's trade mark—the skull and cross-bones. Six of these bony structures winked, throughout the whole evening, from the front of the stage.

In contrast to previous years, there was no confusion in the seating arrangements last Friday. Menzies supervised the distribution of tickets carefully and organized his army of friends at the doors very carefully. The guests were shown to their seats by smiling Med-girls, whose uniforms rivalled those seen in any of the New York theatres. They certainly looked well in their black velvet coats, old-rose trousers and tams to match. The swagger sticks they carried under their arms gave them an air of military smartness and authority.

The front row of seats was occupied by the guests of honor: Lieut.-Gov. and Mrs. Brett, Chief Justice and Mrs. Harvey, Dr. and Mrs. Tory, Dr. and Mrs. Revell, Dr. and Mrs. Ower, Dr. McEachran. Over three hundred doctors and nurses, to whom complimentary tickets were issued, filled the larger proportion of seats on the main floor. Many people from overtown, as well as members of the staff and student body, who failed to secure tickets in good time, were unable to gain admittance into the hall.

Our future life-savers, clad in white lab. coats, sat in the South gallery. From this vantage point they did their singing, led by a blushing young nurse—"Rosy"—and assisted by the University dance orchestra.

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DO YOU KNOW HER?

She is always a-round. Seems to be in every corridor at once. Corridors are her home. Always has a stack of books; also a sheaf of papers in her hands. She sings—at places. Speaks—at every opportunity, but usually makes wise remarks. Is a fast traveller—on foot. Always in a rush. Light—on her feet. Has just made it known she is tired of studying, (which is indeed strange). In literary circles—active. In writing—dormant. Merely an officious officer. The kind whose name appears on programme.

Earnest ambition is to clothe and feed every student in Asia. She appears to be behind every unusual campaign to raise money. To these campaigns she gives much—time.

Notwithstanding, a lovable soul.

To make a guess: In twenty years she will be a gray-haired old lady, just back from Bom-bo-bo, lecturing to raise funds to buy the Bom-bo-bians longer skirts.

DO YOU KNOW HIM?

Not built for speed. Only comparison with greyhound—short hairs. Nevertheless goes to dances. He shines at student union meetings. His head shines in any light. His policy—reducing: not himself—but the debt. Has succeeded. Possesses apt nick-name, which means much to initiations. Famous—being first farmer elected to office. Covers his lower limbs with material in keeping with faculty. Carries a well-fed look.

Two theatre tickets are offered as a prize to the bona-fide student of the University of Alberta who sends in the best and correct written answers to the above two questions.

1. Each answer to give reasons for guess made and must not be less than 50 words and not more than 100 words.
2. Guess, i.e., "his" or "her" name, to be the title of the answer, but must not be used in the body of the answer.
3. Editor reserves right of publishing answers.
4. Competitors' names will not be published.
5. All guesses to be in not later than Feb. 22nd.
6. Communications to be addressed to Editor, "Him-Her", Gateway.
7. Editor-in-Council will award prize.

UNIVERSITY OF
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FELLOWSHIP

The above fellowship of the annual value of \$1,500.00, tenable at the University of Manitoba in any branch of pure or applied science, open to graduates of any Canadian University, will be filled for 1922 about May 1st. Applications should be in the hands of the Registrar of Manitoba University, Winnipeg, Manitoba, by April 1st. Further particulars on application. Address

THE REGISTRAR
University of Manitoba
Winnipeg, Manitoba

ALBERTA DEBATERS
EXCITE FAVORABLE
COMMENT IN 'TOBA

Smith and Cassels, who were the successful U. of A. representatives in Manitoba, returned home from Winnipeg very pleased with the courtesy and kindness shown them during their stay with the sister university. Following the debate, they were entertained in the Arts Building on Kennedy Street, by the Manitoba students. After a very enjoyable dance, which lasted until 12 o'clock, the reception closed with the Manitoba yell and three cheers for the U. of A.

Below is an account of the debate from "The Manitoba Free Press":

In a closely contested debate on the question of the appointment of a Canadian ambassador at Washington, the University of Alberta, for the negative, was awarded the decision of three out of the five judges, against the University of Manitoba at Broadway Methodist Church Saturday evening, February 4th. The debate was one of the annual triangular series, in which Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan universities competed. Saskatchewan won the series with two wins, Alberta came second with one win and one loss, and Manitoba, third, with two losses.

Prof. W. F. Osborne was chairman of the debate, which was well attended by faculty and students of all colleges. Ralph Maybank, Law, and Miss Myrtle Whyteford, Wesley, defended the affirmative for Manitoba, and L. K. Smith and J. M. Cassels, the negative for Alberta.

Mr. Maybank, opening the debate after Prof. Osborne's introductory remarks, said he would discuss the constitutional aspect of the case. He expounded Canada's constitutional or legal right to the appointment of an ambassador. The appointment was the logical next step in the history of Canada's development as a nation; the idea was not new in principle, but was merely an outgrowth of responsible government. Canada as a living organism could not stand still; she must either advance or cease to live, according to natural laws. Mr. Maybank's delivery was easy and convincing, and he was loudly applauded.

The Negative

Opening the negative side of the argument, Mr. Smith, leader, conveyed the greetings of Alberta to Manitoba. Proceeding with the negative argument, he declared that the case must be considered from an empire and world standpoint, not from a domestic or Canadian standpoint. It must be remembered that foreign affairs were involved which were much more intricate of solution than the domestic difficulties of Canada alone. Moreover Canada could not regard herself as a nation in the same sense as France, but rather was one of a league of British nations. Mr. Smith attacked the resolution on point of expediency. He asked the affirmative to explain "What were purely Canadian affairs, and what position would our ambassador take at Washington? Would he be a member of the British embassy, an attache? Would he not be bound to follow Britain, unless discord was allowed to arise?" The appointment of such a representative would be bound to cause irritation between Canada and the Mother Nation. Mr. Smith closed his remarks with the point that there was the danger of the United States "playing the Canadian ambassador off" against the British representative on many issues.

Practical Side

Miss Whyteford, second affirmative speaker, broached the practical side of the issue, saying the appointment was practical on four grounds: An ambassador was needed for geographical, commercial and interpretative reasons, and because public opinion demanded it. Mr. Cassels, following, admitted the arguments of the affirmative that the resolution could not be defended constitutionally, but went on to say it could not,

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ROBERTSON COLLEGE

If the plans of the Life Service Committee are approved by the Edmonton Presbytery, an "Order of Recruits for Life Service" will be instituted.

The student body of Robertson has been asked to cooperate in placing before the High School and University students of this province the opportunities offered for devoting themselves to some definite form of Life Service in Christian work.

A memorial tablet in honor of the Robertson boys who fell in Flanders' fields, will be erected in the College in the near future.

The boys of Robertson College had a delightful time at the Valentine social given by Dr. and Mrs. Millar at their home on Monday evening, February 6th. A number of girls, including some Pembinites, were present. In some cases, it really looked as though "Union" could not be delayed much longer.

Metropolitan This Week: Comedy
"GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"

PERSONAL COLUMN

BLANCHE—Many hearty thanks; they are simply beautiful.

MAID—Lovely surprise; hope to express appreciation verbally soon.

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FRENCH CLUB

Mr. A. F. McGoun conquered an enemy on Wednesday, February 8, according to Professor A. P. Pelletier, and his victory was overwhelming. The enemy was the public or more specifically, the French Club, and Mr. McGoun's allies were the courreurs des bois. The members who had been looking forward to this meeting and anticipating a really enlightening talk on that typically Canadian figure were far from disappointed.

Radisson and Des Groseilliers and Alexander MacKenzie were pictured to us, not as people in the Canadian history, about whom we must learn dates and dry facts, but as rugged men who lived and trapped and fought for a living. Mr. McGoun gave a fine tribute to the Canadians of today when he said that they have inherited from these pioneers a great courage and a love of adventure that will go far towards developing what is still unknown in Canada.

It was a good talk and as Mr. Pelletier said, it fitted in with below zero weather.

Mr. E. Sonet and Mr. A. P. Pelletier both made some remarks on the conclusion of the paper. Then the much-abused potato got talked about again. We had hoped that it was forgotten, but—why hope!

Mrs. Horace Harvey moved a vote of thanks to the speaker and Miss S. Treacy seconded it.

The paper was preceded by members' tea.

Metropolitan This Week: Comedy
"GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"

AT THE STRAND

Conway Tearls is the star in the feature attraction at the Strand this week. He takes the dual role of two brothers of extremely opposite character. After separation for many years they meet in a Chinese restaurant. Wallace, on seeing the helplessness of his brother, takes his place in society, doing it so well that he is not detected till he confesses his ruse. The smoothing out of this tangle makes one of the most interesting screen plots ever developed.

POPERINGHE PADRE
TO VISIT VARSITY

PADRE "TUBBY" CLAYTON OF
Ypres Fame, Head of Tal-
bot House Movement in
London, England, Will
ARRIVE FRIDAY

Word has just been received from Mr. Bickersteth of Hart House, Toronto, to the effect that Padre "Tubby" Clayton, now head of the Talbot House Movement, in London, England, will be in Edmonton on Friday.

We have endeavoured to get in touch with Mr. Clayton by wire, but up to date have not got a definite answer as to whether or not he will be able to speak to the student body of the University while in city.

Padre Clayton went to France in the early part of 1915 with the 6th Division and was later detached to run Talbot House in Poperinghe. Many of the returned men in the University will recall the hospitable walls and perhaps the cheery countenance of Padre Clayton himself.

At any rate, the Padre carries what are reported to be some wonderful slides of the old salient, and if at all possible, the Gateway is going to endeavor to persuade him to exhibit them to as many students as Convocation Hall will hold. If we are able to persuade him to stop over a day in Edmonton we will post notices to this effect so that all those interested will have an opportunity of meeting him.

REV. ROBERT PEARSON, M.L.A.,
AT SUNDAY SERVICE

"Then said Jesus unto his disciples. If any man will come after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."

Christ's name has always claimed respect. If it can still win way how much more powerful must it have been while he lived. Christ was always frank, candid, and never led men under false pretenses. "Had it not been so I would have told you," also his warning to the rich young ruler to give up everything if he were going to follow, is another example of Christ's policy.

Christ's appeal is for men of quality not quantity, because he wants men who can be relied upon.

What does it mean to be a follower of Christ? Jesus told his disciples in the words of the text, three conditions.

Self denial: Self denial is not religion. Christ's religion was not a negative religion, but positive. There must be a readiness to do and be something. Self denial must, however, be the starting point. A person must remove the bad traits from his own life if he is going to better his own life and that of others. Conversion is but a crude awakening and something that is not complete. Life to you and to me is like a man climbing a hill, when he reaches the summit finds that there is still another and possibly a steeper climb before him. Or like the soldiers who have broken one line of battle, find that the war is not over, but that they must push forward to take some other front.

Bears his Cross—self sacrifice. Cross, in mathematical terms, is self-sacrifice raised to its highest power. Christ's disciples followed him and eleven out of twelve met violent death. In fact, the progress of the Christian Church has been by self-sacrifice. When the Church was under kingly patronage, it made less progress than when it had to strive for its liberty.

Follow Me. If a man will follow Jesus he must be a man of self-denial and self-sacrifice, and we as a Christian Church should turn our attention to Christ, the Founder, who is the absolute standard, and we should measure our standard by those which he set. We find that Christ never qualified a statement that he made; that he not only gave the world a new standard but corrected those that already existed.

AND HE CLOSED HIS EYES AND
TURNED UP HIS TOES

Pelletier passed this year, which is so surprising that it deserves explanation, for Pelletier with his perennial expression of wide-eyed astonishment was long enough and grey enough to get plucked year in and year out. He was a poor boy, at least he said so, and he never was ready with his class fees and the like. Now I'm not insinuating that Pelletier wasn't a regular rah-rah boy; he was. Always ready to raise Cain as long as that didn't mean raising funds, yet no one could say that he was in the habit of sponging on his good-natured friends or that he neglected to pay when he lost at craps; he didn't play often enough to lose much anyway.

He had grown up in old Quebec and believed implicitly all those old French-Canadian legends which the mothers down there tell their children when bed-time draws near. Pelletier wouldn't have been in the least surprised if he had accidentally bumped into his satanic majesty on a 'rendre-contre.' Most people were inclined to take him lightly; but after he told them of his adventure near Riviere-du-Loup, which from other lips would have sounded perfectly ridiculous, nearly everyone took him seriously and pitied him.

He had often played at the dances around there, for he was clever with his violin, so clever indeed that he could play Ti-Blanc off the floor and Ti-Blanc could jig longer and better than anyone for miles around. One night in August, as he was returning from a 'veille', with a friend, two strangers accosted him, saying they needed a musician. Pelletier was about to follow his friend, who was scurrying off like a gopher being chased by a mob of school-boys, when one of the strangers grasped his arm in a very determined way. The hall was close by and the dancers waiting, they told him smoothly. The poor fellow held back—it was so late and the strangers were so, so—unlike anybody he'd ever seen. But he went, (he had to), across a field or two, past a farmhouse and into a tangle of poplars and brush. "You shiver," my friend, are you cold?" inquired one of the men solicitously. "N-n-y-yes," replied Pelletier, wiping the sweat from his face. The three were silent after that, and on breaking through a thick clump of spruce trees they found themselves at the hall in the midst of a hilarious company of men and women. What queer creatures they were, too! The violinist was led to one end of the clearance, where a large 'fauteuil' awaited him, and he fell into it, greatly relieved, for here at least was something perfectly commonplace; he began playing and—wondering—what people could these be who danced so queerly and shrieked hysterically? He felt decidedly uncomfortable; everything—the time, the place, the dancers, and the 'feel' of it all—sent shivers, cold damp shivers all over him.

A reddish light illuminated the scene, but where did it come from? It almost seemed to emanate from the merrymakers themselves—and gradually it dawned on him; here was a gathering of supernatural beings for which he, Georges Pelletier, was playing! Somehow he must escape and as soon as possible. But how? There was no cure, no holy water, and he dared not remove his fingers from the bow long enough to make the sign of the cross. Ah, an idea. That favorite hymn of his—the one to the Virgin—he would play it and sing. His voice faltered a bit, at first, but the sound of the old familiar words made him more confident and he sang with even more fervor than he did in the old hap on the feast of the Assumption.

"C'était fait!" One and all, their faces twisted horribly and ugly with hate, the company vanished. What a relief! If it were not for the smoke—he leaned back in his chair—what? No back to it?—He was

sitting on a bed of pine-needles and it was pitch-dark.

Superstition? Maybe—but Pelletier had never played his violin since.

Yes, it was indeed surprising that Pelletier passed, for he was a second-year sure-failure according to the professors—the kind that never studies, never crams and always fails: some are like that, you know.

At a certain lecture given by an amiable, jesting Scotchman, Racine was made the interesting (?) topic; and in some inexplicable way the question of killing someone for his money arose. The professor appealed to Mr. Pelletier who was, as some said, merely exposed to French.

"If you could make some old man in China close his eyes, turn up his toes, and leave you his money, by raising your finger and wishing it so when you were alone in bed some night with none but the wise old moon to watch you, would you do it?"

Somewhat nonplussed, he stammered: "Yes, I guess I would." Well, as far as the prof. was concerned, he expected this was the end of that—But it wasn't.

That night, which was Wednesday, the sure-failure had a bunch up to his home. They felt spooky and showed it; anyone who has been in Pelletier's room will tell you the same thing. Not that visitors from the other world made it their rendezvous, or that spirit tapings were ever heard, but what with its dark hangings, the skull on the table, the sickly light, the creepy pictures and books scattered about—above all—the atmosphere and the long grey person that was Pelletier, the room just hollered spooks at you. It was long and narrow with a very high ceiling, which was painted, like the walls, an ugly, dark-apple-green shade. In one corner of the room, a long, narrow window looked out on a rough, uneven stretch of land; the clumps of trees left standing here and there around the edge of the clearing and the crooked pack-pine in its centre gave the scene a distinctly jagged and weird appearance; upturned roots and piles of brush scattered everywhere and half-covered with snow only made it more so. The window was open and the cheap black draperies rippled in and were sucked out again with monotonous persistence; a big clothes-press at the other end of the room was shut off by similar hangings, nad a piece of the same black stuff draped a box, on which rested a basin and pitcher, which told us it was not a box but a wash-stand; there was no use arguing to the contrary for it would have its own way. Still more black and green stuff passed as rag-mats.

But the most striking thing of all was a little table with a mahogany-top, on which a lighted candle rested in a great skull, whose eye-holes and mouth had green paper pasted over them; the result was a ghastly green light, helped out by a grimy old lantern brought from somewhere downstairs.

(To be continued).

Attention of the women of Arizona this week has been focussed on the inter-class hockey contests. Although many of the contests were ties, division of the points showed the wee 'modest' freshmen to be the victors. They are exceedingly proud to have come off ahead fo their natural enemies, the sophs.

—University of Arizona.

Metropolitan This Week: Comedy
"GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"

Inspired by Sir Phillip Gibbs' definition of a pessimist as a man who wears 2 pairs of suspenders and a belt, Dr. Killam defined an optimist as a man who tries to ski uphill.

FAMOUS WEEPS

— with them that —
— ing willow.
— no, more my lady.
— arted on the shore.
Read them an' —

Eat, drink and be merry—
For tomorrow you may have measles.

THE GATEWAY



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ARE WE IN DANGER?

In order to curtail the bad results of too much luxury among undergraduates, the President of Princeton University adopted the unusual course of appealing to the parents of students attending that institution. Private automobiles and large bank accounts do not combine well with the means employed at a University in bringing about the acquirement of a higher education. Obviously, the student body of the University of Alberta is in no immediate danger of the evils attending an over-supply of money and the expensive toys which money commands.

In a recent editorial on this subject, "The Edmonton Journal" suggests that "it will be well if student life in this country is recognized by all to be a matter of disciplined and well-restricted application to the gaining of knowledge, and the shaping of character, which cannot properly be anything but a serious business." Undoubtedly this is as it should be. But it is well to keep in mind that the function of a university is not limited to the work done in lecture rooms and laboratories. Through the many student organizations, this institution offers every man and woman within its precincts facilities for gaining experience in executive and administrative work; for developing a tolerant spirit and sense of responsibility; for practising self-imposed discipline, and for cultivating a taste for all that is true and beautiful. Under our principle of "student self-government" the individual student feels responsible for the actions of the students individually and collectively. Thus a mutual sense of responsibility is engendered.

With a few isolated and negligible exceptions, it is quite correct to state that attendance at the U. of A. means primarily a desire on the part of the students to acquire a special kind of knowledge for professional purposes and also a general knowledge which would prepare them to play their part in the community. The academic courses of our university and the many opportunities for work offered by the various student organizations are all conducive to "the gaining of knowledge and shaping of character". Unless the standard of general student deportment is suddenly lowered, we need not entertain fears with regard to our student body.

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U. OF A. EXTENSION DEPARTMENT

Excerpt from an article "The Wider Outlook of the Universities," in the London Times Literary Supplement for January 13, 1922,

The war has been followed by an intense passion for learning among classes remote from the influence of universities, and many professors feel that the university must justify its existence by responding to this need. It must be a joy and an inspiration to lecturers to meet such an audience, prompted solely by the desire for learning; and this work, one feels, is bound to leave a deeper and more lasting impression on the community than the mere turning out of young men qualified for the various professions. One reads with admiration of the work of the University of Alberta, of which the President, Dr. Tory, tells. Pamphlets on the important questions of the day are prepared in the university and distributed to the remotest parts of the province, while a large circulating library is maintained for the use of all citizens. That work was considered by members of the Legislature to be the most vital undertaken by the university.

THE CASSEROLE

Well, thank goodness! Now that Med. Night is off their chest, we may live in comparative peace and quiet for another year!

Girls, why not get in ahead of Paris on the 22nd century fashions. You'd make a hit.

De nurse hees name wus Rosy
 Hee's luv by all de med'
 But w'en he do dat sheemy
 We weesh dat we wus dead.

If there's anything anyone wants to know about anything, ask that freshette who tried to seat the Waunetas.

If twenty Meds can squeeze into one seat in the back of the gallery, I wish they had put it on as part of the show. We'd have been most interested.

Wonder if Science were fishing for compliments? If so, they need better bait than they've got now.

Soak: I never did like those prohibition jokes.

Bloke: Prohibition ain't no joke.

A Med Night scandal: A grew some tale.

Well Johnnie, here's hoping
 That you enjoyed it as much as we did.
 But it must have been awful—
 For the girl!
 In any case, we quite agree with you
 That it is hard to do in public
 What one has been accustomed to do only
 In the friendly shade of the Pembina steps!

New Science Yell

Engineers! Engineers! Hear us jaw!
 Roughnecks! Roughnecks! Raw, Raw, Raw!

The infant prodigy:

See saw!
 Haw haw!
 Baby law!
 Baw-aw-aw!

They had some good songs, you know, but we don't like solos.

Freshette: Al Manning's an awful ladies' man, isn't he?

Junior: I've seen him with some awful ones.

Miss Dodd: Don't stand on the steps so long next time.

Freshette: Why, I only waited for a second.

Miss Dodd: Are you sure? I thought I heard a third and fourth.

Sweet Young Thing: You'd be a lovely dancer if it weren't for two things.

Milt: What are they?

S. Y. T.: Your feet.

It is estimated that 46.7 per cent. of our fair youths have changed their tactics since reading the Goblin's "Compleat Lover". And girls! they refuse to wash the dishes!

"What'll you have: fish, flesh or fowl?"

"Whaddyumean?"

"Science, Meds or Waunetas."

We would like to meet the young lady of the advertisement who can Kodak daisies in Edmonton "as she goes" on a forty-below day.

Law Student: Whath all thoth featherth over there?

Engineer: They're only chickens; can't you hear 'em cackle?

Heard at the Skating Party:

He (humbly): May I have a skate with you? You know I am an awfully poor skater and I don't want to ask anyone that I am particular about.

Oh girls, what a heart that man did have!

What troubles "Rosy" is how the girls keep their ankles warm in the winter time.

Stuart: He closed the door in my face!

Morrison: You shouldn't have had the door in your face open.

"The only good Indian is a dead one" runs the proverb. Not much hope for the Waunetas.

It didn't say so, but we take it that "The Yorkshire Post" is printed in Pig County.

Now, this, as the Edmonton street cars say, Izal.

CROSS-SECTIONS

The present epidemic of Varsity-Eskimo Basketball games makes the "perpetual sign" on our bulletin board an accomplished fact.

X X X

Med Night gave some Journal reporter scope for his sarcasm; but possibly he does not get the spirit of the evening.

X X X

Of late Varsity Saturday night dances have been held across the river.

X X X

Sometimes we think the University site was chosen with reference to allowing the northwest gale a wide sweep. Crossing the campus these days is calculated to cool the keenest ardor.

The Board of Governors of Western University have decided to establish two new scholarship with the annual income of \$3,000 awarded to their institution as its share of the Khaki University Fund.

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NOTED WAR CORRESPONDENT VISITS U. OF A.

(Continued from Page 1)
winter climate; on the contrary, we should write about it, and describe it as it really is.

While Sir Philip was talking, the Club artist, Don Philp, got busy with his pencil. As he laughingly scratched his signature on the sketch produced, Sir Philip remarked, that if he knew himself at all it was a good likeness.

Sir Philip had a touch of realism added to his conception of our winter when, as he was about to leave, his car stalled for a time in a snow-drift in front of Varsity.

President H. M. Tory, Dr. R. K. Gordon, Dr. J. M. McEachran, and Miss Gladys Speer were also guests of the Club.

Members of the Club present were: Professor Wallace, Clara Ward, Rita McCosham, Barbara Villy, Margaret Bryden and Kemper Broadus, Wilfrid Wees, Arthur Morgan, Don Philp, J. T. Jones and C. Leonard be welcomed by British publishers, Huskins.

her gowns were beautiful. Her quiet and graceful ways on the stage were very effective and made her the "cynosure of all eyes". Gordon Douglas, as the college student, who apparently paid little or no attention to his studies, showed on the stage the same cheery enthusiasm about the "Jolly Hottentots" and the "Laughing Hyenas" as he does in the anatomy lab. About the Eskimos and Tigers. Johnny Walker, as the young doctor and lover, appeared to be very much at home in some scenes, and because of his blushes, one is tempted to think that he put much feeling into his part of the play. The part of Mrs. Brown was well taken by Lydia Giberson, whose enunciation was good. Mildred Rowe and W. Eadie, as the maid and butler, were also good.

And last, but not least, mention must be made of the light, delightful little skit presented between acts 2 and 3 of "Quarantined". The three actors, Milton Lloyd, Jimmie Brunton and Al Crawford have again shown themselves to be artists of ability and good taste.

Bill Henry, President of the Med Club, Andy Wilson, Secretary, the other members of the Executive, the Med Night Committee, as well as Bob Langston, the stage manager, have a right to feel justified at the great success with which their efforts were crowned on Friday night.

VARSITY LEADS BY 16 IN CHAMP. SERIES

(Continued from Page 1)
"Pip" Open, an air-raid could have passed unheeded.

In the first few minutes of play, Varsity took quite a lead, but the Eskimos came back strong, making the count 13-12 in their favor at half time. Parney again opened the affair with a neat field goal, and from then on the score zig-zagged back and forth, and when George Young was knocked out with a nasty blow in the eye, three minutes before time, the count was a 25-25 tie. Muir then came across with a spectacular basket; Stanton drew on a foul throw for the Eskimos, and Parney slipped in another—and it was all over.

As previously, it would be hard to pick on any one individual star, but Muir played a stellar game, netting some of the most difficult shots. He tallied 17 points, 5 of which were on free throws. Parney ran him a second, with 5 field baskets. Young played a hard effective game and got a lone basket.

Dick Conrod and Tesky demonstrated real ability as guards and bewildered the Eskimos combination.

Crozier was the big man for the Eskimos, and although George was right on his tail most of the time, slipped in four. Stanton made free throws look like eating deep apple pie, for of 13 throws he ran in 10.

Butchart and Stevens refereed in masterly fashion, only one decision being contested.

For those who haven't had the privilege of seeing any of the games up to date, we predict that on Wednesday night there will be nothing more interesting nor exciting than the final game of this series.

Line-up:

Varsity	Centre	Eskimos
Young	Forwards	Crozier
Muir	Guards	Stanton
Parney	Subs.	Dunsworth
Tesky		Burnett
Conrod		Whitelaw
McAllister		Enright
Cox		Ockenden
McCabe		Sparling
Fletcher		

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL GAME

Varsity will tangle with Commercial Grads, Saturday, February 18th at 7:30 p.m., in the Varsity Gym. Turn-out and ROOT!

APPLIED SCIENCE

If you'll give us your attention,
We are merely going to mention
How the Engineers helped the Meds
along,
Turning out in Convocation,
For the Med Night celebration,
Ever ready with a yell or with a song.

Even at the supper table,
Just before the Meds were able,
We had mildly whispered, "Here's the
Engineers".
In the evening their procession
We received without aggression,
For we substituted "Medicine" for
"beers".

Khaki shirted, paper hatted,
(Made of blue print twice rabatted)
With a siren or a klaxon here and
there,
Under capable direction
Our tough-looking little section
Had the nerve to beard the lion in
his lair.

Our balloon rose to the ceiling
And we could not keep from feeling
That at least we had a finger in the
pie,
But we say sans hesitation,
That the Med Club's invitation
Was a favor we'll repay them when
we die.

Prof. Adam's collection of drawing pens is the best known in this part of the world. Surely it must have been started when Adam was a boy.

J. D. A. McDonald, writing on French 41 paper: "The whale's throat is so small that it cannot swallow a fish more than one kilogram in length."

"GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE" AT THE METROPOLITAN

The farce comedy, "Good Gracious Annabelle", presented this week by the Allen Players, is as delightful a little play as has been seen in Edmonton in a long while. If we are to judge by the size and enthusiasm of the audience on Monday night, we can understand why it played 200 nights in old New York.

Annabelle Leigh, whose knowledge of the value of money is painfully small, suddenly awakes to the fact that she is broke and that many months must pass e'er another check arrives from her long lost husband in the West. In desperation, she and her stranded friends become the servants of a rich young man, George Wimbleton, noted more for money than brains. In the midst of her attempt to live down to her position as cook, she discovers that two bonds which she had pawned, and now in the possession of Wimbleton, are the decisive factors in a great mining deal. Then things come thick and fast; a lawyer, a divorce case, and a forgotten husband place things in one glorious mix-up. Then—well, see it for yourself—we can't describe it.

The play largely centred around Annabelle (Miss Verna Felton) whose vivacity and charm carried the play to its ultimate success. Mr. Allen Strickfaden, playing opposite her as George Wimbleton, gave an admirable characterization of a degenerate scion of a worthy sire. Mr. Fred Sullivan as the aristocratic old butler, and Miss Kathryn Card as the eccentric kitchen maid who "liked nutmeg with her toddy", played their parts extremely well.

The Allen Players, handicapped as they are with having to put on a new play every week, are to be congratulated on their excellent production of "Good Gracious Annabelle".

DEBATE AGAINST NORMAL

University of Alberta will meet the Edmonton Normal in a debate on subject of the Nationalization of Railroads on February 20th, in Arts 143 at 4 p.m.

MUSINGS OF A MISOGYNIST

By "Bash"

Women are undoubtedly queer creatures. It would take the skill of the psycho-analyst and the insight of the philosopher to put them in their proper place, and Heaven knows how many policemen to keep them there. Artists and painters are the only ones who accept them at their face, or should I say, form, value. They seem to draw a certain amount of satisfaction from the analysis of their physical contours and lineaments.

Man is primarily interested in her brain (presuming for argument's sake that she has one), the driving force and centre of all her pretty foibles and idiosyncrasies—all those whimsical mannerisms that make women so endearingly mystifying to the mere male. (There is meant to be an undercurrent of sardonic humor running through this last sentence, but something must have gone wrong.)

Old-fashioned peripatetics, who used to go around proclaiming that there is nothing new under the sun, certainly couldn't have had much to do with women or they would have discovered that their medullae oblongatae are never twice the same. In five minutes a modern woman can think up more ways of making a fellow feel cheap than any self-respecting tax-collector or landlord could in a life time. And when they really want to make you squirm—Torquemada and his hearty practitioners of rack and thumb screw fame simply aren't in it.

Perhaps the reader will have detected a certain note of bitterness that seems to have crept into these opening paragraphs, and he will have suspected that the writer of this holograph has had some trying experiences with the fair sex. The reader is right. The author (a natural modesty and a fine sense of discretion decree that I go nameless) has seen the world and women, and has suffered.

* * * *

I remember one little affair that happened away back in the days of my downy adolescence and delirious ties. I was a happy, care-free youth then, without a worry or girl in the world. The terms are really synonymous. A religious fervor had seized the town; some well-meaning evangelist having started it, and in an ill-advised moment I wandered into church. It was there I saw "Her". What a pretty girl she was. She had a sweet, simple face (probably the simplest I had ever seen), with Rickett's blue eyes, the kind so much admired by cheap authors and poets. And when she smiled you could see every one of her pearly grinders. In fact, you could see several places when she wasn't smiling. Oh! She was a pretty picture.

She was in the choir and of course I had to join too. An insatiable desire for strict veracity compels me to admit that my voice was hardly worthy of note. Once, during practice, when I playfully seized her hand which she had carelessly left within reach, she gave an answering squeeze; a flush of pride and modest confusion swept over my classic features. She was heavenly. My cup of joy was slopping over. My heart was at her pedal extremities.

That very night, or morning, rather, while wandering hilariously home, an irresistible impulse of extempore came over me. And so, having the desire and the ability to rhyme, I gave myself up to a delightful orgy of self expression in song. I was amazed and dumbfounded at my own rhetori; my genius seemed unbound, and with the sheer joy of living I tunefully caroled my erotic way down the street. This was regrettable as the pater was waiting for me when I finally got home. (I had awakened him while still six blocks away). Brutally heedless of my sense of dignity, he dragged me up to the room by one of my external appendages and there, gazing balefully on me the while, gave me his frank and undiluted opinions of my vocal powers, and my new-found amorous

madrigals. The portrait he painted was not flattering; but then, it was hurried and absolutely impromptu. To show that he had diagnosed my symptoms correctly, he expatiated at some length on the wisdom of leaving the girls absolutely alone, no matter what the exigency. It was very touching and there were tears in my eyes when the cane finally broke.

But if he thought to quench the fires of my divine ardor, he was very much mistaken, for that night I saw her again.

"Myrtle", I said, in my most elaborately casual tone, "let's have some ice cream and for a little car ride afterwards."

My last suggestion received an extension of meaning I little dreamed of. I had merely meant a little pleasure cruise in one of the city's humble conveyances, but none of that for Myrtle. No, sir!

"Oh, goody" she gushed, laying down the potato whose lid she was excorating, "won't that be lovely—your car is such a nice one. I'll be with you in a minute." And she ran lightly upstairs.

Ye Gods! She meant the family bus.

"Oh, yes, lovely," I yielded, smiling a sickly smile as her meaning became apparent. And then with reckless insouciance, "We'll take a spin out to Lake View."

And while she fussed upstairs, currying her hair, and deftly calcining her neck, or whatever it is girls do to themselves in the esoteric privacy of their boudoir, I fumed below. After playing about seventeen records on the phonograph, and looking through five volumes of Picturesque Edmonton, she finally decided to come down. But it was worth the wait. She was wearing a transparent motor veil and, to my unsophisticated eye, she seemed like an angel—metaphorically speaking, that is.

Not being particularly solvent, we went to a corner drug-store, where I knew my credit to be good. Y.M.C.A. cock-tails and menu cards were placed before us almost immediately. My fair enchantress gaily but hastily plucked the swindle sheet from between my nervous fingers and in a capricious and arbitrary manner effectively forestalled any idea I might have entertained of doing the ordering.

Naturally, I was a little incensed, but could merely smile in a tender way, and oxidize another cigarette. The proprieties of social life require such delicacy.

She perused that offending list for an insufferable length of time, now and then glancing up sweetly at me, as if wondering how much I could stand. Finally, she ended my suspense, and embittered my nature for years.

"I think I'll have that," she said, pointing to an item with a number beside it the size of that used on freight cars. "And you have one, too."

I shook my head. It was about the only thing I had loose to shake—goodness knows my metallurgical resources were at an end. Instead I drank squeeze; a flush of pride and modest confusion swept over my classic features.

As time worn on I became almost gay, even getting so bold as to look the waiter, who had been hovering suspiciously about, belligerently in the eye, as if daring him to throw me out, when suddenly I thought of that promised car ride. That spoiled it all; for, although usually a poor volunteer, I nevertheless had a depressing conviction that the pater entertained grave doubts as to my ability to manage the car and would emphatically disapprove of my intended joy ride, even though it be with the "onliest girl in the world."

I resolved to get that car or bust. (Note the democratic disregard for did both! the niceties of cacophony.) Well, I

"Oh, by the way, Myrtle," I said with an ingenuousness entirely disarming, "excuse me for a minute and I'll—." I forgot the excuse now, but no doubt it was very good. I sped up the street to the house, and happily the car was in front. I

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"GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"

breather a sigh of relief.

Gingerly I climbed into the driver's seat and assumed control. The next few minutes found me using up my treasured store of expletives, but at length the cantankerous contraption decided to jerk down street with me. I drove around the block several times to get the hang of the thing, and then I called for Myrtle.

With great ostentation, I helped her into the car, and while she gave helpful advice I wrestled outside with the engine. The playful thing started quite easily, requiring only ten minutes cranking and a few impromptu metaphors. In fact, I was a little disappointed as I had rather hoped for an opportunity to dazzle Myrtle by the brilliancy of my lingual pyrotechnics.

At first, conversation was somewhat unsatisfactory, being punctuated here and there by heartfelt and unaffected exclamations concerning the motor. An innocent bystander might possibly have thought it some theological discussion. But conditions soon improved, and conversation became graceful and refined. As we neared the woody drive encircling the region of Lake View, Myrtle became cold—absolutely unsolicited. Ever the gentleman, I gently placed my right arm in such a position as to ward off any icy zephyr that might try to steal down her neck. Emboldened by the unexpected success of this audacious manoeuvre, I leaned over and —. The results were not exactly what my keen intelligence had led me to expect. There was a chilling pause of indignation and then she landed on me: for the next few minutes the air was full of fists, entreaties and piteous material. When she finally ceased (the car had thoughtlessly crashed into a tree) my superstructure resembled a German battleship after the battle of Jutland and my epidermis had the mottled complexion of a sick chameleon.

Of course you can easily understand how this avalanche of blows could upset one's air of cultured serenity, and for a minute or two I lacked that poise and repose of manner so characteristic of the true gentleman. I apologized gently and profusely for my attempted indiscretion, but this had no effect. It even seemed to make her angrier, so I told her I'd never kiss her again. I wouldn't kiss her, I said, if she were the best woman on earth, or for all the money in the world, but the more pacifying I tried to be the more lugubriously angry she became. I gave up. She had to walk home anyway—the liquified monarch had completely demolished the car.

* * * *

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but the recollection is still painfully vivid in my memory, and the question, "why did she act like that?" is still uppermost in my mind. Why did she go guilefully encourage me, and then belabor me with blows of such saporiferous value? Was I supposed to divine by some intricate process of ratiocination that she was averse to undue familiarity? Or was I intended to receive her taps as manifestations of feminine approval? Verify the way of woman is mysterious.

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Metropolitan This Week: Comedy
"GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"

COMMERCE

At last we have overcome our natural shyness far enough to permit us to break into print and claim a place in the sun.

Since this is the first year that a course in Commerce has been put on in Alberta, the number of students taking this course is not large. However, as the old Etruscans used to say, it is quality and not quantity that counts.

The last week has seen the coming into existence of a new organization, the Commerce Club, with the avowed object of stimulating interest in the course in Commerce, both within and without the university.

The club has already been promised the cooperation of the Board of Trade, so that the baby club of the university has great hopes for the future.

Queen's University is in the throes of an agitation to scrap their Alma Mater Society, which corresponds to our Students' Union, and erect in its place an organization along some parliamentary form of government. The Queen's Journal, while admitting the wider interest which would be created by the proposed change says the new plans are a "menace like small-pox".

CUPS OF TEA AND OTHER THINGS

Pembina Hall was the scene of a jolly Valentine party, Monday evening, February 13th, when the girls of the Senior and Junior years entertained their friends. Dr. and Mrs. Tory, Dr. MacEachran and Miss Deadman were guests of the evening.

Little Mona Howes met the guests at the door and distributed programs. The reception room and rotunda were tastefully decorated with Valentine kewpies, hearts both large and small, and red streamers.

The feature of the evening was the splendid "jazz" provided by the popular Harmony Four orchestra. A delightful supper was served at 11:30 p.m. by the Misses Grace Davis, Glendora Hicks, Betty Lawson, and Eileen McCarthy.

The Med. Club dined informally in Athabasca Hall, Friday Evening before the celebration of Med Night began. The tables, decorated in Red and Green, were arranged in the form of a large cross.

Miss Beth Grimmet gave the toast "To Med Night", the Med Doxology

ALUMNI SOCIETY TO PRESENT PLAY

Under the auspices of the Alumni Association of the University of Alberta, the public will have the opportunity of seeing staged, under the direction of Prof. Adam, another of A. A. Milne's plays, "The Romantic Age", on Friday, March 3, in Convocation Hall. Many will remember "Belinda", by the same author, which was produced last year by the Women's University Club of Edmonton. Just recently Mr. Milne has received considerable prominence in the English press on account of his plays, notably in "The London Observer" and "The Athenaeum", so that the choice of the play is a very happy one on the part of the Alumni Association.

Like most of Milne's plays, "The Romantic Age" depends on its lively and witty dialogue to carry it along. Melisande, the romantic heroine, living in what she thinks is an age of "bread-sauce" and yearning for the return of the days of Lancelot and Elaine, is a veritable triumph for Milne. She is permitted in the second act of the play to realize her romantic imagination and meets the hero of her dreams, dressed in blue and gold, in a wood. Not till the last act of the play, when Gervase Mallory—for such is the name of her "true knight"—calls at her home in an ordinary loud golfing suit and she learns that his failure to arrive at a fancy dress ball is the cause of his romantic style of dress, not till then is she thoroughly disillusioned.

Thus Melisande, by a rather bitter experience, is made to realize (as does Jane, her unromantic cousin, who has arrived at her conclusion by no intricate process whatever) that perhaps after all there may be romance in the so-called ordinary lives of people. We find her finally consenting to marry Gervase—though she knows that blue and gold is not his usual attire—and the play closes quaintly with Melisande, the dreamy, seated alone on the stage reading a recipe for "bread-sauce".

The members of the cast are: Misses Katie McCrimmon, Agnes Wilson, Margaret Gold, Muriel Tregillies, and Messrs. H. Treaver, Geo. Parney, L. Cairns, B. Paterson and Harry Kerr.

was sung, and the Varsity yell closed the brief program.

Besides members of the Med Club, Dr. Ower, Dr. Minish, Dr. Shaver and Professor Gaetz were present.

After the play Friday night, the members of the cast, the Med Night committee, and the executive of the Med Club were delightfully entertained at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Revell.

The supper table was prettily decorated in white, centered with tulips, and was presided over by Miss Murray, Messrs John and Andrew Revell, assisted in serving the guests.

A pleasant hour was spent in dancing and as the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" died away, the guests gathered about Dr. and Mrs. Revell, singing "For They are Jolly Good Fellows."

Mr. J. Walker, as spokesman, expressed the gratitude of the Med Club to Mr. M. S. Lloyd, who had so efficiently managed the play; and Mr. W. A. Henry, President of the Club, thanked Dr. and Mrs. Revell for their hospitality.

Besides those directly connected with Med Night, the guests included Dr. and Mrs. Ower, Dr. Margaret Wilson, Mrs. McQuaig, Dr. Minish, and the Med girls, who acted as ushers.

MED NIGHT NOTES

Who drew the cartoons? An Arts man? Med Night recollections: Noise, tin hearts, "Daddy", forty beers, noise, Oh Nurse!, more noise, some crowd, Johnnie Walker's oscillation, balloons, usherettes, elluvia, noise.

We have now seen Jimmy Brunton act as an old man, a young officer, and an Aristocratic Englishman. Has he ever considered taking a girl's part?

Pembina may now adopt the "Quarantined" system of restoring visiting hours.

Clean Lab. coats are a result of Med Night.

The Wauneitas reminded us of the saying, "A Child Shall Lead Them." Did a certain law-student find the chancery Division of the Queen's Bench?

How many didn't see the play because of the usherettes?

Metropolitan This Week: Comedy
"GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"

WHO SAID—

The Med
 Bunch were dead?
 Sure, they "yell
 Like Hell,"
 And that swell
 Rosy Gel
 At their head
 Who led
 Them in song,
 I fell
 For her strong;
 And the play
 Capped the day,
 Sure enough;
 Great stuff,
 They were all
 Tall
 Doings,
 As you said,
 Good old Med !

A banquet for all former students of the University of Alberta was held in Toronto, at the Waverley Hotel, Spadina Avenue, on Saturday, Feb. 4th. All those present reproved a very enjoyable time talking over old times.

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Cor. 109th and Whyte AvenueMetropolitan This Week: Comedy
"GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"Advertise in The Gateway
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This Paper**MEDICAL
COLUMN**

Med Night has come and gone for this year, and, considering the amount of approval voiced to various of the Med Club executive, they are beginning to believe it was a successful evening. Our thanks are due those various bodies of the University outside our own faculty who contributed so much to the tone of the student demonstrations. Any tendency to drown out the other fellow when he had the floor was soon abandoned and the practice of meeting "slam" with "slam" quickly adopted.

The attendance of the Waunetais en masse was noted and of course appreciated, but although we understand they did have a couple of new songs, they were the people from whom great things were expected and in whom we were not a little disappointed. Perhaps better luck next time.

From the demand for tickets and the number of people who were prevented from attending because they could not get seats, it would seem that Med Night has outgrown the accommodation of Convocation Hall and to thrive should seek a new location. It would seem reasonable to take the whole business to the largest theatre over town, and then the city people, who, with the exception of the medical profession, were practically barred this year, could have an opportunity to attend.

Shades of Galen and Wilbur Bell, but who ever saw such an absence of BONES and the ever present skeleton at any Medical celebration as last Friday night. Are we to forget the march of the femur-armed Montreal students upon Riel sympathizers so soon to not allow the public appearance of these relics once during the year. Rather, let the old familiar skull and cross-bones be replaced by the crossed R \$2 than to wilfully allow such a tradition to fall into disuse.

Med Night wishes to thank those who kindly loaned properties to the different branches of the performance. Among those deserving special mention are Jackson Bros., whose lorgnette and monocles were so effective, and A. E. Aitken Ltd., who dressed Paul Chester and Ted Brown.

It seems too bad that with the amount of time the third year have been sent to the operating room that they could not have one or two lectures on the general rules of operating room technique and procedure. The average student is far too interested in the case on hand or the aesthetic to pick up much of the less obvious but equally important points of technique. A lecture or two or a good general demonstration would serve to spare the considerate surgeon a good deal of worry and the student perhaps very considerable embarrassment.

The lure of the operating room is no doubt strong but at the present stage of the game we should not let it draw us from more fundamental things—just as the child crawls before he walks, so must we in surgery, and the sooner we realize that the minor things are what we will be expected to know, the sooner we will be in a position to really learn something.

**VARSITY GIRLS
WIN AND LOSE**

(Continued from Page 1)

game would fill several columns in this journal. The Winnipeg coach held a class for instruction with him as to time occupied in throw-ins, and the Alberta coach conducted an illustrated lecture on overhead throws after Alberta had lost two or three points because of ignorance on those lines. But the task was too great, and the period too short to deal with tie balls, line violations, etc., and the pupil referee gave the crowd much amusement in the second half by facing off astride a division line. However, the Manitoba team was all right, and performed admirably. Their outstanding players were Miss Agnes Mackay, captain, at side-centre, and Miss Sadie Robson, forward. For Alberta, the guards and centres more than held their own, but the forwards had an off day on shooting. The lack of nets attached to the hoops which served for scoring, no doubt, was a contributing factor to their difficulty in locating the basket.

The girls speak in the highest terms of the way in which they were received by the University girls in the two centres visited. Saskatchewan, with their residential facilities, entertained them right royally, billeting the visitors in residence, giving them a supper dance with full programs after the game, and "breakfast in bed on Sunday morning".

The Manitoba capital was reached on Monday morning, where they were met by our own Jessie Hamilton and members of the Manitoba team, taken to breakfast, and provided with billets. On Monday the team visited the Agricultural College and had a work-out on the finely appointed gymnasium there situated. At four o'clock there was a tea-dance provided at the University of Manitoba. Tuesday there was the game, followed by supper at the Clarendon, and a visit to the Winter Carnival.

In both games the team was handicapped by injuries previously sustained by Miss Alice Swanson, our sterling forward. All expressed themselves as having a very enjoyable inter-University visit.

The Alberta squad was composed of Miss Caldwell, Miss Barker, Miss B. Carmichael, Miss Mae MacEachran, Miss S. McLennan, Miss Stanford, Miss Alice Swanson, Miss G. Studholme. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Race accompanied the squad.

Metropolitan This Week: Comedy
"GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"

ARTS, 2—SCIENCE, 1

In a lovely little battle which took place on the Varsity Arena, the Arts slipped it over the Science Hockey Team by the close score of 2-1. It was a mad fight all the way; all three goals were scored from scrimmages wherein the players with a little rugby experience had the best of it. These scrimmages occurred right in front of the goals, much to the disgust of both goalies. Fraser, in the first period, somehow or other, no one knows how as it rarely happens, received a gentle kick on the head. But, nevertheless, he came back strong in the second period. There is no doubt about it, a Science man must have a good head.

For Arts, Huestis and Dingle were the pick, while Science honor was protected by the scintilating players, Beach and McLeod. Line-up:

Arts—Goal, Young Lehmann; defence, Huestis, Stewart; forwards, Dingle, Duggan, Powers; spares, Hoover.

Science—Goal, McLaren; defence, Beach, Barker; forwards, Fraser, McLeod, Smith; spares, Simpkin.

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